

## GAY EASTER EXHIBITS A WHEEL.

Maid and Matrons Treat Idlers on the Boulevard to a Kinetoscopic Show—Good Samaritan on Deck.

By Charles Dryden.

Easter in bloomers a wheel imparted splashes of light and color to the Boulevard and reeled off a continuous kinetoscopic show for the idlers who thronged both sides of the way. People who have thus far escaped the bicycle habit felt that the day would bring forth something worth viewing. Women who ride could not let Easter pass without proper observance, though many of them conformed with nothing more elaborate than a bunch of purple ribbon tied to the handle bars. Some really fetching costumes were seen, however, between Fifty-ninth street and Grant's tomb, passing in review first on one side and then on the other to the extent of half a dozen round trips.

As a rule the Easter-garbed scorcher lady rode alone, as her costume thus showed to better advantage. If bunched in with a flock of her sisters the effect on the spectators was much like that of the three-ring circus, though not so spectacular. So rather than disappoint the crowd these gentle creatures spun bar and forth, mile after mile, until the sun went down.

Shirt waists of the '97 model entered largely into the observance of Easter Sunday on the Boulevard. Tapped with a derby or fedora hat and with a bunch of ribbons in the corsage, the shirt waist rolled by in endless profusion. One large woman in a yellow waist marked with pink figures excited much comment by a resemblance, from the waist up, to a sofa pillow on wheels.

Another maiden, groomed most gorgeously, took good care that her sweetness was not wasted on the flying boulevard. To begin with, this one wore a Robin Hood hat of crimson plush, with a tuft of violet at the front elevation. A blue silk bolero jacket, trimmed in white lace, partly concealed yet enhanced the beauties of a figured skirt waist and a brown leather belt, with silver buckles fore and aft. A pale lavender skirt, bloomers of the same, and a pair of yellow and black lace-up Roman boots, like those Sandow wears when holding horses on his chest, completed the attire of the most Easterly, so to speak, girl on the pike.

Her outfit was warranted to stun if not shock, and she knew it. Therefore, the maiden is to be commended for riding slowly. At times she did even better than that. Wherever a particularly large crowd of men had assembled to watch the passing show, the maiden in the bolero and Roman boots suddenly discovered something wrong with the wheel. Swinging in to the curb she grasped the handle bars and, with a gasp, she discovered the machine. By holding up the rear end of the bike and kicking the wheel round and round with her toe, in order to inspect the action of the sprocket, and the light for the natural thing in the world to do. Yet the

Rev. "Biking" Van Dyck. He Doesn't Approve of Sunday Riding for Pleasure, but Will Build Racks at Church.

The Rev. Alexander S. Van Dyck, the athletic pastor of the Highland Park (N. J.) Church, who is making all sorts of innovations there, is trying to arrange a schedule of games for his baseball team. His bicycle club has already taken several trips, and the pastor is always with it. The gymnasium, which was Mr. Van Dyck's first innovation, is used by the greater number of the young men of Highland Park. They are permitted to exercise there three nights in the week. The gymnasium is fitted up in the chapel room and gymnasium dates are arranged so that they do not conflict with prayer meeting nights. The athletic clergyman is admirably called by some of his congregation "the Rev. Biking Van Dyck."

"These innocent amusements," said the pastor yesterday, "are doing a world of good for the place. Young men and boys who might be engaged in more harmful diversions spend their evenings at the gymnasium, and are not only kept from evil, but are improved physically. I am firmly convinced that with physical development will come moral betterment. A young man with good muscles is far more manly, and to my mind, upright than a weakling."

"Our bicycle club is doing good work. It is certainly an excellent thing for the advancement of friendship between young people to ride out with bicycles. It is splendid exercise, and I profit by it fully as much as they."

"While I do not approve of Sunday riding, as I do not think it a proper use of the Lord's day, I do not think it proper to discourage the wheeling part of my congregation to ride to church. I shall have a bicycle rack built by the church, and I hope that all who have wheels will ride them."

HUNT FOR BICYCLE THIEVES. Two Wheels Were Stolen from a Twenty-third Street House.

In the night, between Friday and Saturday, two bicycles disappeared from the hall of the boarding house at No. 402 West Twenty-third street. Detective Perkins, of the West Twentieth Street Station, was sent out to find the thieves. He arrested a man who was trying to sell the missing wheels at an Eighth avenue shop. The person to whom they were sold was identified as Frank Kehoe, of No. 25 First street.

In the man's pocket was found a key of peculiar shape. The detective thought the key was connected with the robbery and took it to the Twenty-third street house. There the landlady, Thomas Wilkes, colored, identified it as the key of the front door. He admitted that it was his own, and thought he must have lost it. He also was arrested on suspicion.

Plans for the Show in Suber's Park. The ample space available for exhibitors at the Spring show to be held on May 9 to 19, inclusive, at the New Harlem River Park and Casino, popularly known as Suber's Park, will extend to blooded cattle, swine, sheep, poultry, dogs and household pets. The exhibition has the advantage of the patronage of the United German Societies of the State of New York.

The Seals Will Show. That showman Jacob's Malt-Nutrie is benefiting his seal. Your weight will show immediate increase. Pure and palatable. At all drug stores.

Brooklyn Scorcher Overhauled. Roscoe Hazeltine, of No. 549 Lorimer street, Brooklyn, and George Johnson, of No. 437 West Fifty-seventh street, were arrested on the Eastern Parkway yesterday afternoon for scorching. They were riding on a charge of intoxication. He afforded pedestrians amusement by springing wildly after several bicyclists. With some he was content to act as a mauler, but others were followed at a hot pace by the infuriated Mr. Scottle. He escaped being run down, and when gathered in by Patrolman Howell was exhausted by his efforts.

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## "BIKE" TRAINS EMPTY TILL AFTERNOON.

Many Wheelmen Who Usually Ride Sunday Morning Went to Church.

"Bill" Green, ticket-taker at the Rector street uptown station on the Ninth avenue "Bike" road, was in better mood last night than he was the Sunday before, when he said the entrance gate of his station shut in the face of the last dejected cyclist.

"The church was too much for the bicycle train this holy day," said Mr. Green. "Which is proper. It's worth enough to chop these here tickets, without adding questions for little boys and girls with wheels." Mr. Green's sentiments were applauded by every ticket-taker on the Ninth avenue line, whose duties had been multiplied by the new bicycle trains yesterday and the preceding Sunday.

Business was light on the early morning trains. General Manager Fransoli, who spent the day riding on the wheelmen, was discouraged at the beginning. The first few trains from the Battery carried a few wheels with low handle-bars from South Brooklyn and Staten Island, to which were added at the North River ferries some high bars and tandems from the Jersey rural districts. The business from the Brooklyn Bridge and the Thirty-fourth street ferry caught the last few trains running northward before 9 o'clock. Two extra trains, at 9:15 and 9:30 from the Battery did the biggest uptown business of the day.

The weather was ideal for the cyclists. "The Manhattan company expected great returns on the second Sunday's business. It was discovered, however, that many people who usually ride their wheels Sunday morning, went to church yesterday instead. While every church in the city was filled, and the fashionable streets were brilliant with women in bright costume, the bicycle trains were running with scant loads, and only a small percentage of women."

In the afternoon there was a rush. Both uptown and downtown trains were well filled. General Manager Fransoli, Superintendent Smith and Inspector Guerin, who made a trip from the Battery to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street and back between 4 and 6 o'clock, were encouraged by their observations. As the weather grows warmer they believe the business will grow in volume.

Rector street did the largest business yesterday. This came from the City Hall district and the Jersey ferries. Further uptown, at Christopher street and the station above, the agents were busy with the wheels in the later hours of the day. The business at the Twenty-third street station was light, but one wheel leaving the downtown station in the morning.

Yesterday's experience is likely to change the time table of the bicycle trains. The early trains may be taken off entirely, and other trains added to the schedule at later hours. It was said at the office of the conductor, at the City Hall, that the business was light, but that it was still impossible to decide whether the service would be permanent.

TO SQUARE OLD GRUDGE. Columbus Hepenstall Heaved a Paving Stone Through an Ex-Judge's Front Window.

The lot of a man who has once sat on a police court bench—no matter how long ago—is not always happy. Butler H. Bixby was a Police Justice fifteen years ago. The circumstance may have escaped the memory of most New Yorkers, but it has not escaped the memory of Columbus Hepenstall.

He told Mr. Bixby's lot to commit Columbus Hepenstall for examination as to his sanity, and the result was that Columbus was sent to Ward's Island, where he spent many gloomy years. He escaped, however, and was never recaptured. His father, who is a master boatman in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, did not dare to bring him home, for his son would do violence. So Columbus was free to conduct scenes of revenge.

Hence it happened that he entered into correspondence with Mr. Bixby, from whom he demanded \$3 a day for the period he had spent in the asylum. He even sought and obtained a personal interview with him, and spoke soothing words to him and so got rid of him for the time being.

Columbus Hepenstall was not to be got rid of so easily. Yesterday he went to Mr. Bixby's house, No. 43 West Eighth street, and heaved a paving stone through one of the front windows. He was arrested and it was found that his pockets were loaded with stones. Mr. Bixby denied the time ripe for action, so he was taken to the Court House and told Magistrate Simms all about it. The prisoner demanded an examination, which will be held to-day.

THRICE A HERO IS HE. Policeman "Jack" McGee Once More Catches Butcher Abel's Vicious Mustang on Eighth Avenue.

Drawn by a vicious mustang that had run away twice, Adam Abel, a butcher at No. 2738 Eighth avenue, went riding yesterday afternoon. At One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street and South avenue the animal took the bit in its teeth and ran away again. The thoroughfare was thick with vehicles.

The Rev. Mr. McGee, of the Mounted Squad, saw the danger, and spurred his horse to the rescue. It was a hard chase for seven blocks. Then McGee caught the brute and held the mustang. Mr. Abel had been thrown from the carriage. His face and head were cut, but he resumed charge of the mustang and drove away.

DRANK THE PARSON'S HEALTH. An Inebriate Citizen of Paterson Creates a Scene in a Church.

Eliza Canning created considerable consternation in the Cross Street M. E. Church at Paterson, N. J., during the Easter services last night.

Rev. Mr. Wiggs, the new pastor, was delivering his initial sermon when Canning pranced down the aisle, pulling a bottle of whiskey from his pocket, drank to the health of the clergyman and congregation. When reproached with his behavior he could not be arrested just because he "refused to be saved."

Patrolman O'Brien was summoned and arrested the man after a fierce struggle.

## SCORCHED FOR A FERRYBOAT.

Foster Made a Flying Leap and Landed on the Deck, Bruised and Bleeding—His Wheel Went Adrift.

It isn't every bicyclist who will scorch after a ferryboat as it is rapidly leaving its dock. But Charles Foster, of No. 120 West One Hundred and Ninth street, this city, did this yesterday morning, and that he was not injured is a wonder.

With E. E. Fernald, of No. 102 West Eighty-fourth street, Mr. Foster started early in the morning for a bicycle trip through the Oranges of New Jersey. They arrived at the Desbrosses street ferry of the Pennsylvania Railroad as the signal was given to start the ferryboat Princeton on her 9:45 o'clock trip to Jersey City.

As they rode into the carriage-way, Mr. Fernald jumped from his wheel to buy the tickets. Mr. Foster rode slowly ahead, and, seeing the Princeton still in the slip, shouted to Mr. Fernald, "Hurry up; we can catch it!" Then he started to pedal swiftly down the bridge toward the boat.

"Stop; the boat has started!" shouted Mr. Fernald.

"Come on; we'll catch it," was Foster's reply, as he bent low over his handle bars for an extra spur.

Andrew Brannagan, the bridge tender, shouted to him to stop, but he paid no heed. All this consumed but a few seconds, yet in that time the Princeton had swung clear from the slip and there was a gap of two feet.

Foster, bent low over the handle bars as he scorched down the bridge, noticed the gap and made an effort to stop. His speed was so great, however, that he could not, but the sudden awe he gave his wheel saved him from going overboard.

As Foster reached the end of the bridge his wheel struck a block of wood. Foster was lifted from the saddle and sent flying through the air to the deck of the ferryboat. There he landed bruised and bleeding. His wheel tumbled into the slip.

It was fished out by Mr. Fernald and the brigadierman. Mr. Foster was picked up from the deck of the Princeton and assisted to the cabin. Upon the arrival of the boat at Jersey City he was attended by Dr. McGill and then returned to New York.

ON THE SEA 219 DAYS. But Unlike the Sailors on the T. F. Oakes, the Men of the Starbuck Were Not Sick a Day.

Spick and span aloft and aloft, in spite of her long voyage, the American clipper ship William H. Starbuck, 219 days from Zebu, one of the Philippine Islands, came into port yesterday. Captain Reynolds and the ship's company of sixteen men were in excellent health, though the skipper was disgusted with the length of his trip. Not one of the seamen had a day's sickness on the voyage and there were still fresh provisions on board.

Below the water line, the vessel was covered with barnacles and vegetable growth. With 9,000 barrels of lute below decks the Starbuck left Zebu on August 20, 1896. It was intended to pass through the Straits of Macassar, and to this end the Starbuck traversed the Sooloo Sea and then crossed the sea of Celebes. She would have continued on a southerly course through the Sulu Strait had not the wind died. Then the swift current caught the vessel and she carried her wayward along the north shore of the island of Celebes for more than 150 miles. In one day her drift was seventy-two miles. The captain said he should have then left his course, and instead have rounded Cape Horn, but instead he decided to go through the Molucca Strait, and so finally gain the Indian Ocean. This he did, and the Starbuck entered the Straits of Lombok, a narrow passage between the island of Lombok and Bali.

This was after the ship had been delayed by calms and contrary currents for one hundred days. She was then at the entrance of the Indian Ocean and less than 1,500 miles from Zebu, her starting point, though her semi-circular course covered 10,000 miles. She crossed the Indian Ocean at a snail's pace, making at times less than forty miles in twenty-four hours.

At Zebu, Captain Reynolds secured a piece of one of the crosses marking the grave of Magellan, the Spanish explorer, who was killed there in 1510. Two crosses were placed on the island of Zebu in 1882, 108 years afterward.

FENDER CAUGHT HER. Trolley Was Rushing Along with Little Ethel Cuff When Mounted Policeman Farrell Rescued Her.

Animal sagacity, a mounted policeman's presence of mind and a tiny little miss, with a wealth of golden hair, sparkling blue eyes and a musical voice, form the essential parts of a thrilling scene enacted at Bath Beach yesterday.

Nine-year-old Ethel Cuff lives at Eighty-sixth street and Nineteenth avenue, Bath Beach. She was arrayed in all her Easter finery, when, about 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, she attempted to cross Bay Nineteenth street, near Cropper avenue, unaided, and was nearly run over by a trolley car No. 775, of the Nassau line, that was approaching at a rapid pace.

Her companions shouted to her, but she seemed fastened to the spot. The motor-man applied the brake, but it was down grade, and the little one seemed in danger of being ground to pieces by the cruel wheels. Just as she got free of the track the car was upon her and her tiny form was thrown upon the lower part of the trolley. Little Ethel was lifted by the fender mounted Officer Francis Farrell, of the Bath Beach station, happened by, and getting his black charger well close by the side of the fender picked little Ethel from her perilous position, while the car was still in motion.

When the officer dismounted from his horse with the child whose life he had saved she promptly kissed her benefactor, then wept copiously, and between her sobs asked for her mamma and her companions, whom she was going to join when interdicted by the trolley. Last night she seemed none the wiser for her novel experience. Her parents are loud in the praise of mounted Officer Farrell and his noble charger, Nellie.

GHOST OF KITTIE DOODY. It Appeared to Mary Peterson, of No. 148, and the Tenement Is All in Consolation.

In all human probability, it wasn't the ghost of Kittie Doody at all, but Mary Peterson thinks it was, and, as a result, the huge tenement house at No. 148 Leonard street has been in a fever of excitement for the last thirty hours or so.

Mary, who is sixty-eight years of age, was born a Maiden in the hamlet of Ballyhughon, County Limerick, Ireland. Mary was sixteen years old when Kittie Doody died, Miss Doody, being a belle in her native town, was secured a wake such as is enjoyed by few. But Ballyhughon was infested with bad boys, and these bad boys determined to have fun with the mourners. So they attended a wake, one of the toes of the dead girl, which string they ran out of the window. When the mourning was at its fullest ebb, and every one was reeling with drink, a young man named Kittie Doody looked, the string was pulled and, quite naturally, Kittie Doody straightened out upon her bier. The house was speedily emptied of mourners, and it was not until the next day that the hamlet of Ballyhughon knew that Kittie Doody had not come back to life.

Last Saturday night, strangely enough, the ghost of Kittie Doody appeared to her old friend, Mary Peterson, in the tenement at No. 148 Leonard street, and told her that those boys had ever since been tormented by her endeavor, as they should have been.

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The second clue is the finding of two halves of the large sheet of wrapping paper, one of which was found in the bank and the other in Kelly's room opposite the bank.

The murder and robbery was referred to in the sermon preached this morning by Pastor Hyde, in the Congregational Church, the congregation being bowed in grief with mention of it was made, as Mr. Stickney was an old attendant and official in the church.

## WHEELMEN'S LADIES' DAY.

Tottie Tandem Says the Men Gossiped Worse Than a Sewing Circle.

The first Ladies' Day of the season of the Century Bicycle Club, of this city, was not a brilliant success.

I suppose it was the Easter hat parade that did it. Some women are so feminine! Even bloomer ladies are guilty of experiencing a sensation of awe in the region of their shirt front at the sight of a straw hat blossoming gayly in a wealth of fruit, flowers, ribbons and pearl buckles.

Hardly a dozen ladies of the expected twenty-five, participated in the run to Coney Island yesterday.

Those who did go did not regret it. The day was perfect. Not a cloud in the blue sky. The breeze was a bit stiff, but that only served to excite pedestrian observers. The roads down that way are the finest things that ever happened.

The last section left the clubhouse, No. 146 West Seventy-first street, at 2:30 p. m., schedule time. Part of the company went by way of the Brooklyn Bridge, and part by the way of Twenty-third Street Ferry.

Those who started at the unearthy hour of 9:30 dined at Van Buren's, at the end of the cycle path, in an undergarment before dusk, led by Captain Gibbs and the mascot of the club.

Talk about sewing circles! I heard more gossip from the men cyclists than I've heard in many moons. Said one scorcher to another: "Ah, there goes — and his lady friend." I've noticed them on the Boulevard off of hats, and then the scorchers laughed a dreadful laugh.

"I'll tell you one thing," said a Century wheelman to me, "you don't want to drink beer when you're wheeling. It will not go to your head, but it will go to your feet, and that's a lot worse, for it weakens your ankles and takes all your strength. It is a bit like the drinking beer. The best drink is ginger ale. If you can't get that take cold coffee, or even hot coffee, but don't take anything else."

I saw some Mine-ha-ha's drinking beer instead of laughing water, and I felt as if I wanted to go over and tell them, but I didn't dare do so. I forced myself to drink. It was only a step from drink to drink. He took home a revolver a few days ago and pointed it at his temple in the presence of his landlady. She knocked his hand up in time, and he promised her he would not kill himself. All that night he heard him talking in his room. He was talking to the little bride who had left him so soon and so suddenly.

Last Friday and Saturday he drank and drank. Still he could not forget. In the small hours yesterday morning he walked home. He did not stagger, for no amount of liquor could make him drunk or happy.

When he reached the door he changed his mind. It was too hateful to spend another night alone. He pulled out his revolver and shot himself in the stomach.

"Why did you do it?" asked the first person to reach his side—a policeman.

"Because I don't want to live without my wife," he replied.

John Reichl will have his wish—that he will die.

GERMAN EASTER FEAST. Tableaux and Dancing for Children at the Arion Society's Clubhouse—Home for Friendless Celebration.

Children members of the Arion Society had a jolly Easter. In the big hall of the handsome clubhouse, at the corner of Park avenue and Fifty-ninth street, there was prepared for them yesterday afternoon a "kinderfest." The spectacle was like a juvenile edition of the Arion ball. The ball was beautifully decorated with lilies, roses and palms. Flags festooned the walls. The balcony was a bower of brilliant color and the stairways bloomed with flowers. The orchestra in one corner played exquisite dance music. The children were dressed in the most fantastic costumes, and near the middle of the afternoon a parade of miniature boats took place.

After the parade a series of tableaux, representing such allegorical subjects as "The Prince and the Easter Hare," and such realistic ones as "The Yellow Kid's Reception at the Court of Li Hung Chang," were presented by children appropriately costumed.

When the tableaux were over the floor was turned over to the little ones, who tripped the light fantastic until 6 o'clock, when a dinner prepared for them exclusively was served.

Very different, but still enjoyable, was the Easter celebration of the children in the Home for the Friendless, at No. 29 West Twenty-ninth street. The fragrant flowers relieved the severity of the hall in which they assembled, no costly costumes which gladdened the eyes, and the only music which gladdened the ears, was that made by their own tiny, piping voices, assisted by a piano accompaniment. But their bright faces and happy, as was attested by their bright faces, the enthusiastic manner in which they carried out the afternoon programme. Under the direction of Henry C. Houghton, they sang hymns and chorals appropriate to the occasion.

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